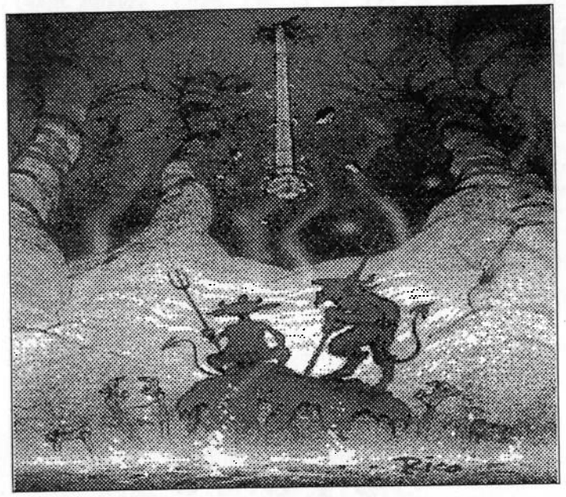
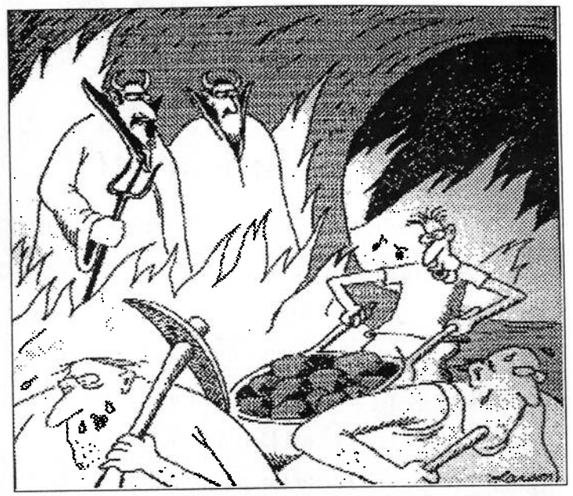
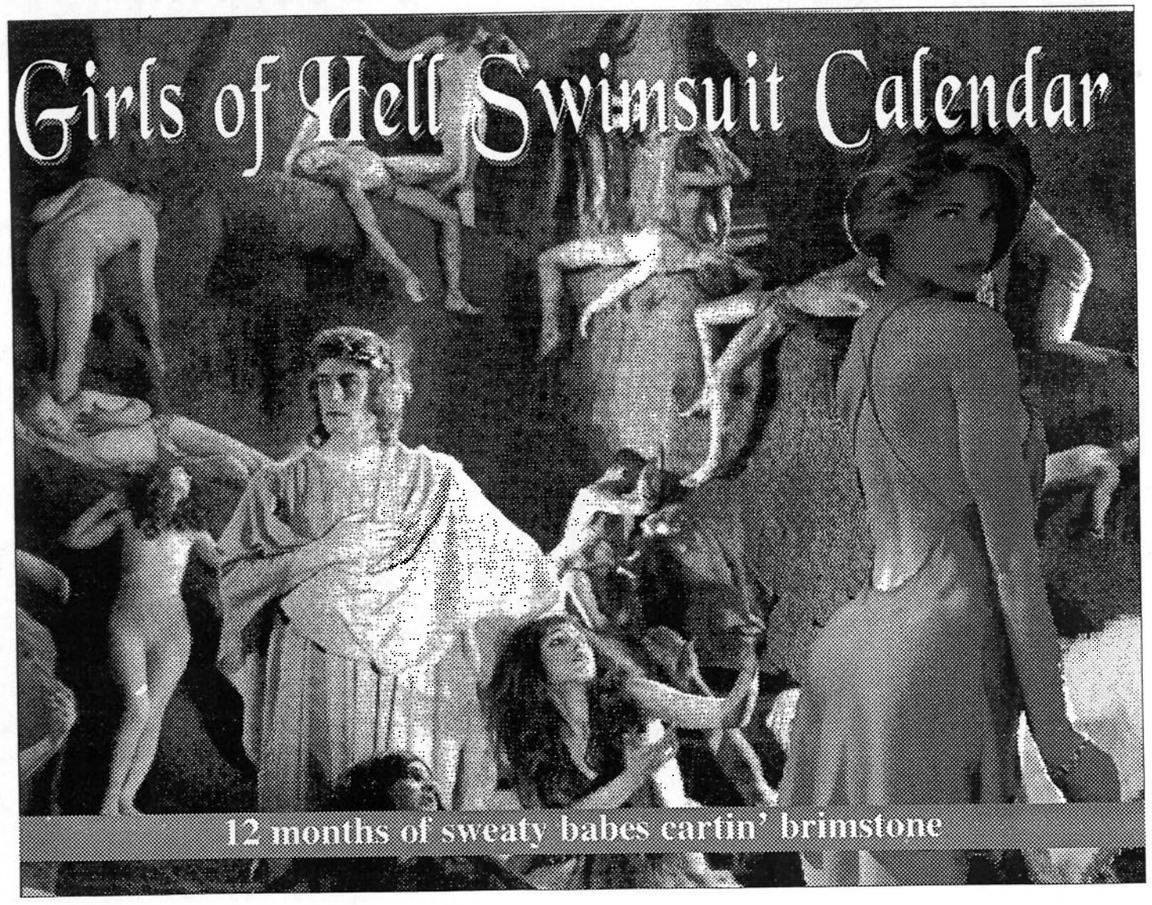
YIP Humour Section.



"In their search for oil, the oil corporations have drilled all the way to hell."



"That man is smiling and happy, in spite of the fact that he is in hell."



YIP Magazine 25

A Little Scamp Named Satan

In Christian tradition Satan is the leader of the angels who rebelled against God and who were cast out of heaven. The source of all evil, Satan is often condemned for bringing about the downfall of humanity. He has numerous other names, such as Lucifer, Beelzebub, the Devil, Evil One, Prince of Darkness, Archfiend, Antichrist, Sate, Old Nick, King of Hell, Diabolus, Fallen Angel, Shaitan, Mrs. Williams, Father of Lies, Eblis, Spirit of Evil, Lord of all things Not Good, Nasty McBaddins, Mr. Hell, Evilpants and several even meaner names.

Satan, often known for his popular catch phrase "Eternal torment to mankind", hasn't had a smooth ride to the top of the evil industry. But after many years of struggle, Satan has finally made his brand of all-consuming, world-destroying evil a trademark. Join us now as we take a peek at this reclusive bad-boy, and at Hell, the land he calls home.

Milky

What's Your Personal Hell?

"You really have to pee, but everywhere you turn, there are rabid, snake-killing mongooses snarling at you; or, your blood is syphoned out and replaced with Club Soda." —*Livewire*

"My personal hell is a flourescent-light shopping mall food court filled with smoking teenage punkshits and suburban goths. Phil Collins plays over the P.A. Musak and all there is to eat is cold french fries. *Sususdeo* into eternity...." —*Derek Sullivan*

"It would be bad — but worse." —*Jim Munroe*

"A big boil. Or, worse still, a bigger boil." —*Albino Finch*

"There are two performances from Tibetan opera which are very similar to Peking opera; this isn't opera as in the west, but a shrill singing style, sometimes punctuated by a ululating type sound (as females do in the Middle East). The musical style is very similar to Chinese, however, the Tibetans appear very fond of cymbals crashing. There is much of this. They also have a long horn, which is literally that. It is about 8 feet." —*Io*

"Just like our world, but without pears. Or at least not so damned many. Never mind." —*Milky*

"Actually, my personal hell would be a furry horse, a guy named after a crustaceon, and someone who it would be appropriate to say to: 'Gee, for a little guy, you sure got a lot of tin foil!'" —*TorqueTorque*

"Just like everybody else's hell, except it has my name on it."
—*SpiKey PerSon*

Credits

Authors

Albino Finch
Asphalt Bastard
Bastard Francais
Mr. Schism
Milky Puppy
Persephone

"No-one would be scared of Satan if he was named Jethro."
- Albino Finch

Artists

Milky Puppy
P. Brain Carrier
Torque Torque

"Better to rule in Hell than to serve in Heaven; better still to work in a bakery."
- Milky

Layout

Milky Puppy

YIP is a nice (though unbearably evil) zine which comes out about every two months. For back issues or future issues, please send $1, stamps or a trade to YIP Magazine, 958 Rambleberry Avenue, Pickering, Ontario, L1V 5Y5. For general chit-chat, use the above address or e-mail *milky@ibm.net*. Submissions are always welcome. All correpondence will be replied to with gusto.

Unleashed December 1996

How I Got to be Satan

by Bastard Francais

It was an early Saturday morning when I came to understand that my path in life would be one of evil. I was seven years old, and I made my decision at the breakfast table while my mom wiped my face with a wet napkin.

"Mom? 'Member how you said I can be anything I want when I grow up?"

"Mmm-hmm." She finished and threw out the napkin, then began wiping off the counter.

"Well, I know what I'm gonna be now."

Mom smiled at me. "That's nice, dear. What is it? A fireman?"

"Nope."

"A policeman?"

"Nope."

She furrowed her brow in mock contemplation. "Hmm... a doctor? A baseball player? A businessman like Daddy?"

I shook my head. "Nope, nope, nope."

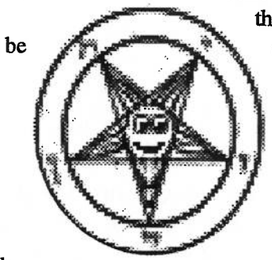
"Well, what do you want to be then?"

"I want to be Satan," I proclaimed proudly.

Mom glared at me disapprovingly. "That's not nice talk, young man. Go wash your mouth out with soap."

My heart sank, and I lowered my head. "Yes, Mom."

Later that afternoon, as I sat on my bed, I contemplated the events of that morning. Why was Mom being so mean to me? How come she said I could be anything if she really meant that I could only be what *she* wanted? Why was she so angry with me when I told her what I wanted to do with my life? It didn't make any sense, and it wasn't fair. Did she want to be Satan too? I'd beat her to it, and then she'd be sorry.



Everyone began laughing at me, but it was a laugh of fear and servility.

I kept hidden my aspirations for several years to come, secretly gathering legions of followers from my neighbourhood. By the time I entered junior high school, I had appointed my seven closest friends as demogorgons of my High Council. No-one ever seemed to notice the ritual scarification on my forehead and chest, divine symbols of power wrought by my own hands. Those who asked me about it, I told that I had gotten into a car accident.

Over the summer of my 12th year, we constructed a grand temple of suffering out of scrap wood and construction remnants in the forest near my house. There I presided over a court of darkness, and my every whim was met by the initiates of my sect. I could feel my power growing. I was almost Satan.

I became prematurely confident during my high school years, and tried converting older students in the hallways, warning them of the coming age of darkness. They laughed at me a lot, but they stopped beating me up after I stabbed my hand to a cafeteria table with a fork. I cackled with glee as the ichor ran from

Right now, I'm imagining that I am all the screaming souls of the Earth (that, is every living being on the planet), howling and howling at the pain, loss and suffering that is life, yet clinging desparately to it, like some dumb guy who's clinging to this post full of spikes. He doesn't know why he does it, but he doesn't know to stop.

Pretending is fun.

TERRS TELL YOU FUN THINGS TO DO TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE

CHRIS:
Hobbies, clubs, sports, Satan worship, movies.

KIM:
Shopping, riding bikes, murder, going to art galleries.

AIMEE:
Dancing, reading, going on a religious retreat, watching videos, eating human flesh.

MATT:
Getting involved with a program such as Friday Night Live. This California-based, high-school program plans all kinds of drug- and alcohol-free activities! Human sacrifice is good too.

JAIME:
Getting a job, joining a support group. Helping others helps me bring about the apolcalypse!

the wound, and I was back in a week after the suspension was over. It wouldn't be long before I ruled in Hell.

By the time I was eighteen, the temple my followers had erected in the forest had expanded to include several smaller buildings around its perimeter. It was becoming formidable indeed, and it now merited a more impressive name than "Satan Palace". I decided to call it E-Ville, and had a sign made. My followers numbered twenty-two, and I felt that the time had come for my greatest act of darkness.

August 5th, 1994, at 2:30 in the afternoon, I stole my mom's station wagon and loaded in my demogorgons. We drove straight through a Sears display window at the local mall and came to a halt in the men's department. People were running to and fro, looks of panic and terror on their faces.

I rolled down the window and screamed through a megaphone. "EVIL! EVIL! EVIL! EVILLLLLLL-LLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!!!"

Everyone began laughing at me, but it was a laughter of fear and servility. Finally, my dream was realized. I was Satan!

My mom visited me later that night at the police station and gave me some legal papers saying I was no longer her son. I tried to impress upon her the glory of dark ascension, but she stalked away... jealously. I knew she wanted to be Satan!

I have a room at the Clarke Institute now, and a man visits every afternoon and tells me that my followers were all mannequins. His subversive lies only serve to strengthen my resolve, and I visit Hades nightly through a planar gate in my closet. My power is now ultimate, mortals can no longer lead me astray.

Are Your Neighbours Satanists?

Chances are the answer is yes: most people are these days. Take our handy poll to determine just how well the legions of the ungodly have you surrounded. Which of the following apply to your neighbours?

- ❑ They don't mow their lawn very often
- ❑ You only ever see them shopping at The Bay, Eaton's or Woolworth's
- ❑ They refuse to leave the house without their pitchforks and bunny ears
- ❑ At their annual garage sales, always trying to unload their "I love God" mugs
- ❑ Their house is painted black, and is on fire more often than not
- ❑ Every member of the family is always dressed in an "I Worship Satan" t-shirt
- ❑ Their front lawn is always soaked in blood, and it tastes human
- ❑ They drive a new car every four years
- ❑ They refer to born-again Christians as "sell-outs"
- ❑ They have an upside down Swiss flag hanging in their window
- ❑ Their dog has more than two heads
- ❑ They go back for seconds of human flesh at the community barbecue
- ❑ You spot them participating actively at every black mass
- ❑ While rooting through their garbage, you find an overripe tomato
- ❑ The breadwinner of the family makes frequent business trips to Hell

The Devil and Samuel T. Johnson

by Albino Finch

SAMUEL T. JOHNSON WAS RATHER SURPRISED when the devil appeared in his office one Tuesday afternoon. Samuel T. Johnson was an accountant, and, somehow, a happy one. The last thing he needed was the Prince of Darkness standing in his office, dealing souls like some used-car salesman from hell.

"Satan, I presume?" Samuel T. Johnson raised an eyebrow and looked the Father of Lies up and down. He was a decent looking chap. A snappy dresser, to. If it weren't for the short, sharp horns jutting from his forehead and the gucci's, custom-tailor for cloven hooves, Samuel would have mistaken the devil for Bob, the guy he commuted with. "To what do I owe this pleasure?"

"Oh, just thought I'd drop by. I was in the neighbourhood, checking up on old friends, collecting on a few debts." Satan gave a little laugh at this. "Actually, some broker on 42nd owed me 50 bucks."

"Why me?"

"Oh, come now, Sam. Don't you remember? We had a deal..."

"I made a deal with you?"

Satan looked at him. Suddenly, he became jovial again. "OK, Sam. It was a long time ago. You were 8. You wanted a puppy..."

A frown creased Samuel T. Johnson's brow. He had wondered why that dog had three heads...

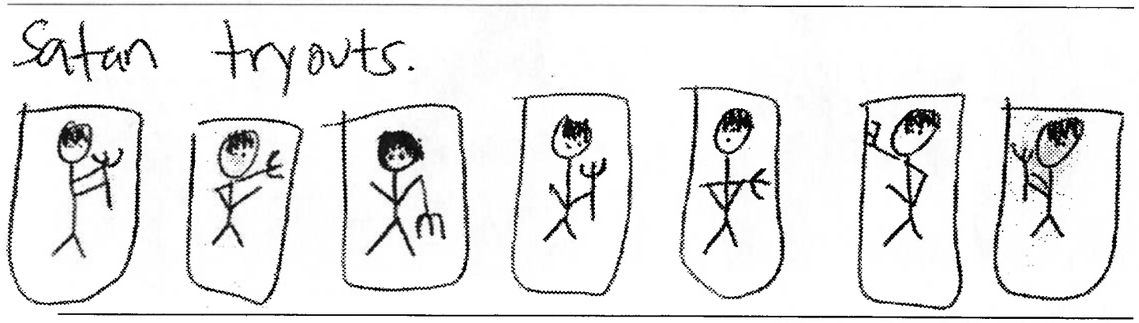
"Ahh. Now I see I've jogged your memory."

"Can I see that contract?"

"Certainly." Satan raised his arms and began speaking in tongues. Fire emanated from his finger tips and grew, swirling, engulfing Samuel T. Johnson's office, turning the mahogany decor into a whirlpool of hellfire. A pit opened in the floor, and the screams of the damned emanated from it. A file cabinet rose from the pit and floated in front of Beelzebub. He opened the middle drawer. "Let's see, Johnson, Samuel T. Ah-ha! Here you are." He pulled a folder from the cabinet, and it sunk back into the depths from which it came. He opened the folder, and in a burst of pure blue flame, the hellfire expired with a snuff, leaving only a whiff of brimstone.

"That was needlessly dramatic," said Samuel T. Johnson dryly.

"What can I say? I still haven't lost my touch. But, I digress. Here is the contract. As you can see, there is your signature, in blood. And, if I remember correct, you called it Eskimo."



Samuel skimmed the smouldering contract. "This isn't binding," he said.

"What?"

"Well, besides that fact that eight years old is far to young to be signing legal documents, that dog bit my mother's head off. This is in violation of Section 15, Paragraph 9, and I quote, "...this contract will be considered null and void if the party of the third part (the dog) bites the head off of the party of the fourth part (my mother)."

"OK, what about this."

The devil handed over a second contract. This time, Samuel T. Johnson immortal soul for a date with the prom queen. Samuel remembered ejaculating prematurely in the back of his car...

"Damn."

"As you can see, I pretty much own your soul, lock, stock and barrel. Which is why I've come here. I like you, Sam. You've got soul. And I hate to see you waste your life away like this. I mean, you're mine now, no matter what you do, and here you are living the life of a saint. An accountant? C'mon, man! Live life! Go out there and get a bottle of gin, a couple of whores, a key of coke, and enjoy yourself! If you're going to hell, you may as well live a life of sin."

"No thanks. I like it here."

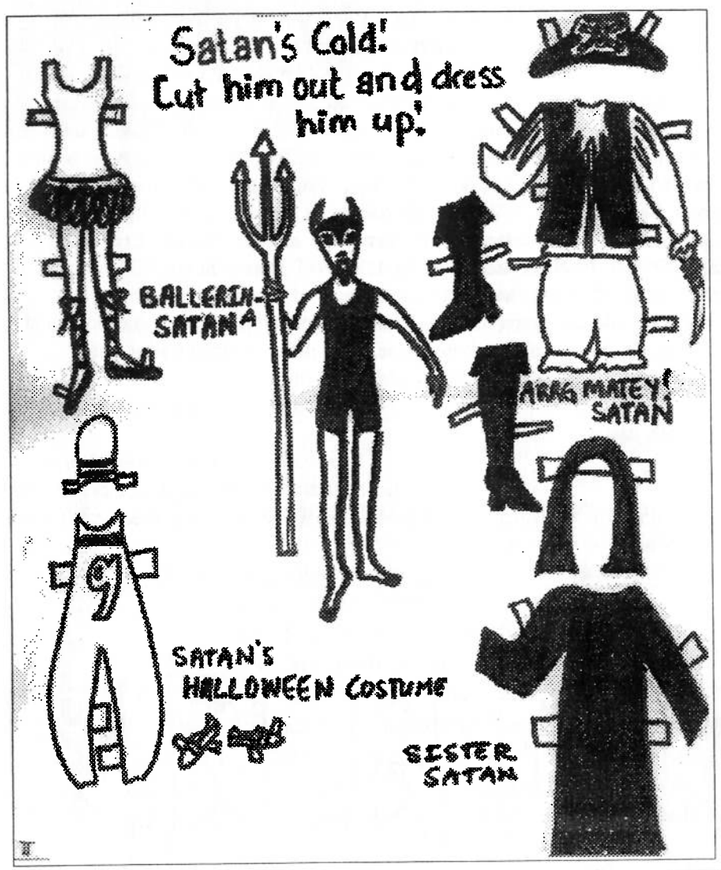
"OK, OK. God knows I tried. I've got an appointment, so, I'll see you later. If you need me, just blow on this." He handed over a silver gym-coach's whistle. "And here," he flipped a fifty on the table. "Get a blow job. For me."

Samuel considered the prospect of eternal damnation. He found that he didn't like it. I mean, even if the rumours turned out to be untrue, even if hell was a big hedonistic pagan celebration, there's only so much of that sort of thing a person can take. On the other hand, if the stories turned out to be true...

Samuel considered the problem and sucked air through his teeth. Not many people had cheated the devil. Could he do it? He contemplated the whistle the devil had given him as he mused. It had the words "HELL, INC." embossed on it, with the company logo: a pair of short, curving horns.

Suddenly, Samuel T. Johnson had a revelation. He strided to his filing cabinet, opened the "D-H" drawer, and pulled a file labelled "HELL, INC." He spent a few minutes glancing it over, and laughed.

Samuel T. Johnson was going to audit the devil.



Samuel looked over his team of auditors before departing for the underworld. He had chosen the scariest, most officious and beurocractic tax officials he could find. They were a scary sight, with their conservative suits and hardened, soulless eyes. Perfect.

He blew the hellwhistle, and the prince of darkness appeared with a flash of blue fire and a whiff of brimstone.

"Sam, how's things? Hey! What's with the suits?"

"I'll be frank with you, Beeze. You're going to be audited."

Satan's face fell. "Oh, Sam, Sam, Sam, Sam. After all I've done for you. I want my fifty bucks back."

Samuel blushed. "I already spent it. And besides, you can write it off. Now, take us to hell. And pray you kept your receipts."

"Oh, who the hell am I going to pray to?" Baal considered his situation for a moment. "Let's go," he said.

Hell hadn't been audited. Ever. When Satan opened the door to the bookkeeping room, a pile of paper spilled out. Samuel T. Johnson saw a glimmer of fear in his auditor's eyes as they began to sort through the enormous pile of receipts. Samuel T. Johnson took Satan aside for a talk.

"I could crucify you."

"If your team of suits can dig through my wall of paper, perhaps."

"I don't think that will be a problem. I'm willing to strike a bargain."

"OK, OK. Look, let me take you on a guided tour of the place. If you don't like what you see, I'll rip up the contracts, and you call off your team of numbercrunchers."

"Agreed."

"Let's go."

Hell wasn't at all what Samuel T. Johnson expected. Oh, there was fire and brimstone a' plenty, and everyone was naked. But there was no torture or screaming going on. Their first stop was the Recreation Centre, where the souls of the damned could play squash, racquetball, tennis, or they could swim, and they had a darn good snackbar, according to Beelzebub. A billboard beside the centre read "This Saturday: The 3513th annual Dionysian Extravaganza! Come naked and BYOB!" Some of the letters were backwards.

Next was Hell's brothel, where the screams of the damned emanated. They were actually screams of intense orgasm. Satan would have invited Samuel in for a sample of the seccubi's delights, but it was for residents' use only.

Baal took Samuel T. Johnson to check out Hell's apartment buildings. Samuel had to admit that the flats were very nice indeed. Each room was fully outfitted with a kitchen, a big screen TV, and all the pleasures of home, including glasses which constantly filled themselves with wine (or the liquid beverage of your choice) no matter how much you drank.

"Well, Sam, what do you think?"

"I must admit, I like it a lot. It looks like a nice place to spend eternity. I guess you win. I'm yours."

"Not yet, Samuel, my boy. You've got to die first. C'mon, I'll take you back to the upper-world and we'll let nature take it's course."

When they got back to the file room, they found Samuel's auditing team had been pushed beyond their limits. Apparently, Hell's receipts had been just too much for them. One or two were just sitting there, drooling. The rest were babbling to themselves and eating Hell's receipts.

"Don't worry, Sam. I'll take care of 'em. C'mon boys. Let's go have us some fun."

Samuel T. Johnson waved to the devil as he was transported back to Earth. He looked forward to spending some quality time in hell... FOR ALL ETERNITY!

Satan on Satan: A Good Look at a Bad Man

article constructed by Mr. Schism, esq.

Satan's history is familiar to most of us. His father was an Admiral in the navy, and was determined that the young Satan should follow in his footsteps, an ambition that the rebellious young Satan did not share. As a teen, Satan made spending money by working as a part-time stockboy at Sears, until one fateful day he was fired for having a poor work attitude. Unsurprisingly, the bitter Satan became the father of evil and started running Hell®— a grassroots enterprise in the beginning, which soon became one of the corporate world's most notorious success stories. Hell® now commands 54% of the world soul market.

Satan's country villa is just as one would expect it to be: grandiose, immense, unbearably evil. Situated just meters away from the Lake of Fire, it was the perfect spot for tea and a chat with His Infernal Majesty himself. Arriving by a carriage led by flaming demons, I was ushered into Satan's quaint drawing room by one of his indentured servants. The room appeared to be set up for comfort, rather than elegance; along one wall was an enormous book-rack, crammed, predictably, with trashy bestsellers. I noticed a copy of Anthony Robbins' "Personal Power" series, a worn, dog-eared paperback edition of Anne of Green Gables, *four weighty tomes entitled* Contract Law, vols. I-IV, *and more than just a few Stephen King novels. When pressed, the Dark One admitted that King "fuckin' freaks the hell outta me." After a brief wait, the Prince of Darkness emerged from the bathroom, eager to talk. Old Salt was wearing a faded pair of acid-washed Levi's, new-looking Air Jordans, and a "Jamaica...No Problem!" t-shirt.*

YIP: Hi, Satan.
Satan: Hi! Please call me Satie.

YIP: Sure, "Satie". I guess the question most of our readers are begging to ask you is this: you're responsible for the corruption and eternal torture of millions of human souls. Isn't that mean?
Satie: Well, it's easy to judge. I don't know, I suppose there is a mean aspect to it, but...

> *"So I'm responsible for a little torture- does that mean I don't deserve a little love?"*

YIP: Have you gotten a bad rap over the years?
Satie: *I* think so. I'm just doing my job, trying to get by like everybody else. Sometimes I really think the press forgets that I have feelings too. *(quietly)* Antichrists need thick skins.

YIP: Now, there's been a lot of talk recently— especially among your competitors—of "hell". Maybe you could set the record straight.
Sate: *(chuckles)* It's not really a big deal. All I have to say to that "Pope" character is this— lighten up, man!

YIP: Did you immediately go into evil after your falling-out with Sears?
Satie: I worked a few odd-jobs for a little while. I operated kissing booths at country fairs, dabbled in beekeeping, caddied...stuff like that. Oh yeah, and I was a Solid Gold dancer for a couple of episodes, before I got canned for some chick. Live and learn.

YIP: What does Satan do when he just wants to sort of "kick back"?
Satie: Let's see... I try to do the Jumble every day, and I make sure to keep up on the latest antics of Marmaduke. What a rascal! I'll be seeing that dog soon.

YIP: What does Satan bring home from the newsstands?
Satie: I like to keep up with the trades. *Spotlight on Evil* is pretty objective.

YIP: What are your turn offs? And turn ons?
Satie *(pauses)*: Definite turn-offs are girls who smoke and people who don't know how to laugh. I guess my turn-ons include men who aren't afraid to cry and... bunnies. Oh, and spreading evil.

YIP: What really ticks Satan off? Pet peeves?
Satie: Wet dogs are a bummer. Sears, of course. And when people get angry at me.

YIP: Boxers or briefs?
Satie: Oh, briefs. They're much more *evil.*

YIP: Are there any women in Satan's life?
Satie *(blushes)*: Welll...

YIP: Now Satan...
Satie: Well there is one girl. But I'd rather not mention her name cause her folks'll get mad.
YIP: Okay okay, I won't press the issue! *(we both laugh)*

YIP: Are you bitter towards God?
Satie: God? No! No, God and I have worked things out. We had lunch earlier this week. That whole casting-out-of-heaven, battling for men's souls thing was blown out of proportion by the British Press. They'll say anything to sell newspapers. No, I think my real enemy is the Sears corporation.

YIP: The ever-burning fires, the all-permeating smell of brimstone, the constant screams of the damned ... does it ever get to seem routine?
Satie: Well, yeah, sometimes there is a feeling that you've done it all...

YIP: Does it ever "get you down"?
Sate: Sometimes I feel a little blue. But it's nothing a little air hockey won't cure!

YIP: What sort of projects have you got on the go for Hell?
Satie: Well I'm eager to spruce Hell up a bit. I want to finish the work on the west wing of course, I'm especially eager to complete the new rumpus room, which'll be a nice place for the denizens of Hell to just hang out when Hell starts, y'know, getting to them... It won't be too much fun though. Oh, and new carpeting for the entire Underworld. If that guy from Sears stops screwing us around. Also, we're working on finding ways to make sinning more attractive.

> *"Sometimes I really think the press forgets that I have feelings too. Antichrists need thick skins."*

YIP: Like how?
Satie: Oh, you know... give-aways, coupons, the regular stuff. We're running a couple of commercials with happy sinners... it's really not fleshed out yet.

YIP: What about personal projects? Got anything running on the side?
Satie: I'm really excited about my new Satan's Own line of salad dressings, available in finer supermarkets everywhere, and I'll be touring around promoting that line for the next few months. As for the future... well, I want to move up, but my resumé isn't very impressive, what with the whole tormentor of humanity thing. Oh, and getting fired from Sears doesn't look so hot. I've got to try to get some good press, maybe see if I can get on Hollywood Squares or something. I'm thinking of cutting an album with a couple musician pals— everyone says I have a beautiful singing voice.

YIP: Our readers would like to know if being the Prince of Darkness ever gets lonely.
Satie: Yeah, it sure does. Sure, I got a lot going for me, but I ain't exactly the happiest guy around, if you know what I mean. I just want

what everybody else does, you know? So I'm responsible for a little torture— does that mean I don't deserve a little love?

YIP: Any parting advice for aspiring princes of darkness?
Satie: I guess the most important thing I can say is that you should always remember that you're doing it for *fun.* Never lose sight of that, and follow your dreams. 90% of becoming the supreme master of all evil is just showing up.

YIP: Last, but not least, Satie, if you had one wish, what would it be for?
Satie: World peace. Or a nice looooooong back rub!

Ode to Satan, by Bastard Francais

Satan, o Satan, Father of Deceit,
Lord of pure evil, homey on the street,
As you wield malediction,
as you eat blighted bread,
Do you think of God, and smashing his head?

Diabolus, Ahriman, Tempter of Fools,
Ruler of Inferno, breakin' all da rOOls,
In the darkness of Hades,
in your cottage of fear,
Do you bed evil babez and drink evil beer?

Lucifer, Mephistopheles, Sower of Hate,
Betrayer of Humanity, groovin' dope state,
You lie to the innocent,
you torment and harass,
I offer my worship, you really kick ass!

SATAN'S ~~FUN~~ Eternal Torment PAGE

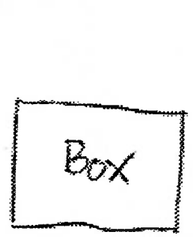
You Be the Antichrist!

Match the following sins to the appropriate punishments!

Theft	$50 fine
Lechery	Spanking from Satan
Jaywalking	Pitchfork Up Bum
Gluttony	Eternal Damnation
Sloth	Fairly Long Damnation
Greed	Wash Satan's car
Pride	Give Satan 50 Pushups
Babysitting	Warning from Satan
Self-abuse	Long Talk with Satan
Envy	Satan's Silent Treatment
Lust	Cleansing By Fire
Bad Report Card	Cart Extra Brimstone
Avarice	No More Sleepovers
Anger	Stern Look from Satan

Satan-in-a-Box!

Satan is out of his box. Get him back in to win.



Cerberus presents...

The Secrets of My Success

1. Have three heads.

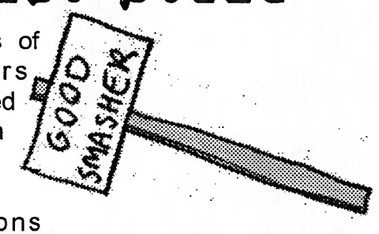
The Screams of the Damned

Sometimes the screams of the damned all blend together. Help Satan sort them out so he knows whether or not he's doing a good job.

O F G J T F V D T U E I O O H P H N H U R T
U W S Y J K N O F U N G H J W I D E S A D D
C F T T E H B Y U F K Y T Y T A L T T O P Y
H T O E S W E R Y Q X F G C G V G S B P N M
I M P K P K O J U B Y I K E S T C F R X D E
B W W S W E M A R M A L A D E X U G H Y E S
A I W A N N A G O H O M E Y I Z R W R S A D
D G C Y E E S H M K L M I C M N U R S E D Y

Lucifer's Last Stand

The legions of good-doers have pushed through Satan's final fortifications and threaten to end all evil in the universe once and for all. Help Satan now!



You have three minutes.